

Online appendix 2 (Published in *Huntia*). Letters pertinent to the 1944 expedition of David Fairchild to Guatemala, Honduras and Yucatan (Mexico) that are housed in the Library and Archives of Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden. Expedition was carried out when David Fairchild was President Emeritus of Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden (then known as Fairchild Tropical Garden). Courtesy of the Archive and Library of Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden.

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (June 30, 1944)

Letter to Wilson Popenoe from David Fairchild (July 16, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to Marian Fairchild (July 25, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (July 30, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (August 6, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to W. L. Taillon (August 6, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to H. T. Hail (August 10, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (August 15, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (August 17, 1944)

Letter from David Fairchild to Wilson Popenoe (August 18, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (August 22, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (August 27, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (September 27, 1944)

Letter from Wilson Popenoe to David Fairchild (November 25, 1944)

Letter to Robert Montgomery from David Fairchild (August 17, 1944)

Tegucigalpa, 30 June 1944

Dear Chief:

Your letter of the 16th has this moment been opened and read. I have been wanting to write you for some time, but I have been so swamped! This morning I am breaking in a new typewriter, and must try it out on somebody who will pardon the mistakes, so I will try it out on you. It is a nice typewriter, almost too nice; what is the use of asking questions upside down, like this; Or making exclamations upside down, like this; Perhaps, however, this machine would just suit you, with your conviction that we are living in a topsy-turvy world. Even so, I doubt that you would have any use for " and ". And just why they send us machines which write & I don't know, unless that means Lempiras to the boys who make these things.

Perhaps I am in no mood for philosophizing this morning; I am too busy. But never too busy to gripe a bit. My gripe now is this: You know and I know that those countries up there are no place for a civilized human being, and I am sore because you insist on staying up there all the time. Granted that your Haden mangos are very nice; but we have just picked the first two from one of our trees here; and granted that your avocados are good, but we are eating Simmondses right now offn our own trees. Ergo, you have nothing to lose by coming down here and lots to gain. I believe Helen has already written you about this whole business. I can only add that I will lose all respect for you and Godmother if you don't come down to these countries and stay a while. The fact that you haven't forgotten Santa Maria, up there on the slopes of the Volcan de Agua; that you

still remember those Indians behind the cornstalk fences, very dirty but very happy, shows that you belong down here. I know you dont like our morals, but I dont think you understand. We just dont have the same kind. Yesterday our wash girl came in, and said "The cook and I are having trouble." "Why", I asked. "Well, you see, I am living with the man she used to live with last year." I could tell you a better one still, but I shall save it until you come down.

Yes, you folks must come down. Now dont argue with me, because I will make you feel cheap before you get through. You admit that you dont like civilizations of concrete and gear boxes. You admit that it is driving everyone crazy. And then just think, what lustre it would add to our Inauguration ceremonies if I could have you on the platform, next October 12!, and I. I am not accepting many requests from guys who wish to make speeches; there are too many of them, and 95% lack terminal facilities, but if you will come I'll let you tell the assembled dignitaries how much better, how much more soul-satisfying, life is down here than it is in New York.

You ask me if I am not conscious at times that life is shoving me along faster and faster, and that I am leaving behind me a trail of things done - too many of which are unimportant? In re the first, yes; every year seems shorter and I am well aware that it wont be long, now, before they will begin saying, Too bad, old Doc Popenoe is on the rocks. Or they will say "Poor old Doc, he wasnt a bad sort after all, and it would have been nice if he and Helen could have had a few years in Antigua before he cashed in his checks."

But as for the other part, I never think of the trail of

things I am going to leave behind me, and how unimportant they all are. If I did, I am sure it would depress me, and I loathe being depressed. But I do think a lot about the things I simply must do, or maybe it is the things I want to do. There are so many of them! and 1. The main one right now, is to build up, here at the school, the finest collection of tropical fruits in Middle America. And even more important, I want to turn out about 100 lads who know that you cant get strawberries and cream by grafting the strawberry plant on the milkweed, but that you can raise mighty good avocados by grafting them on avocados.

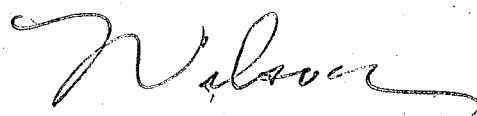
This experience, now of one month, in teaching a class in tropical agriculture is simply great. I like it. I dont know that the boys do. But it is showing me how tremendously far we have to go; and at the same time, how promising are some of the lads. Just like Jorge, whom I picked up 25 yrs ago, driving a mule train down to Quito. He is today the best nurseryman in Central America (wh isnt saying much, as there arent many, but he is good) and if we hadnt given him a chance, he would still be driving a mule train down to Quito, and he would be very muddy, and he would have lice in his hair, and he would ^{not} be Don Jorge to the natives, as he is today.

I am more and more convinced that I have done just about enough for myself. I'd like to turn out those 100 good plantsmen with the years remaining to me. Though maybe this is selfish too; I realise that I cant carry on forever, and I would like to see to it that there will be a few chaps around these parts who will do so. And then too, we like this sort of life, Helen and I. You dont have to punch a time clock, and Henry Allanson doesnt give you a pink slip if you are 18 minutes late. All of

which makes for peace of mind. And there are so many plants to be grown! Right now we are thrilled by the behavior of *Iris fulva*, from Louisiana; and we have a little house just full of fine orchids - many of them brought over from Antigua. And we have just set 3 plants of *Diospyros kaki* at one side of the house, and 3 of *Michelia champaca*, and 3 of *Fraxinus uhdei*.

You must see our school before we go much farther. We now have 120 boys here, from 10 countries. And we have two of the finest bulls, Guernsey and Jersey, which ever came to Honduras; and lots of little calves which are mighty attractive as they sit on the ground in the dairy yard; and we have a fine big Peruvian stallion which we bought in Salvador. He is a pacer and you ought to see old Midence the foreman get on him and ride down the road, just bursting with pride. And then we have 400 White Leghorn and 400 R I Red chickens, recently come from the States; and best of all, we bought a Marimba in Guatemala, when Helen and I were there last month - the identical same Marimba which used to play for parties in the house at Antigua, only the tourist business is on the blink and the marimba players are getting very, very hungry and had to liquidate for cash; and our boys here can knock out Anchors Aweigh and Feria de las Flores and Rancho Grande and Jalisco, No te Rajes (I mean ¡Jalisco, no te Rajes!) in really tip-top style. And the boy from Nicaragua, who handles the drum and traps - which is here called, rather appropriately, the bateria. Yes sir, you folks better make your reservations soon.

Much love to all, in wh Helen joins



To Popenoe, Wilson

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"The Kampong"
Coconut Grove Florida
July 16 1944.

Dear Wilson;

That was a wonderful letter,—your last, and I feel prompted to reply to it this Sunday morning even though piles of mail and some palm seeds from the Rio Negro wait my attention and a giant 2 pound mango is getting too soft rapidly for my analysis of its shape and sweetness. For you see the short walk from the house down to my study has become a place of great romance these latter days and I have come to realize that what I used to call my environment is something very vital to these closing years of my life. To most of us the word environment means merely something which affected the lives of the monkeys and other beasts and that Darwin emphasized and the ~~that~~ books have taken up in a kind of esoteric way but have never driven home into the consciousnesses of the students. Let me explain. When I leave the confines of the house where every thing almost is hand-made and bethumbed with the ideas of some fellow or other who had his own ideas of beauty, and where nothing much changes from month to month; I begin expanding into my environment of living changing non-human-saturated things. Here is a sketch only.

The great long red spikes of the *Brassia* tree are in full bloom and the small insects are swarming around them and the dragon flies are chasing the flies and bees and wasps, and birds are after the dragon flies and here and there a butterfly appears up in this complex of beautiful leaves some of which have taken on the colors of a hickory leaf in October. Just below it a beautiful palm from the Amazon, *rikhruba schizaphylla*, has dropped a pile of beautiful golden orange fruits on the ground below its flowering spike. This is a most charming palm and grows perfectly here in company with a great fan palm from Cuba which Brother Leon sent us, *Copernicia baileyana*, and which almost hides Marian's shrine that is now covered with the lovely *Combretum grandiflorum* that I first saw on the Bishops palace in Teneriffe and got seeds of in Bathurst in the Gambia. Its flowers are as lovely as any of those showing here in the spring and its pods are things you cannot keep your fingers from touching.

On my right as I walk leisurely along for the day is still young I pass Meyer's lemon and examine its young fruits to see if there will be a crop and then pass my hands over to the Sapodilla tree I got in the Gambia which has the sweetest fruits of any sapodilla I ever ate. My mind wanders then towards the garage and I go over to look at the grafts which I put on *Rollinia marginata* from Paraguay and which have done so well that one of them, a *Rollinia mucosa* from Johnstons place at Homestead has six fruits on it already although a good sized tree not far away has no fruits at all. I stop to see how these young fruits are coming on and stoop and pick up one of the last of the season to fall of Mrs. Sarah Jones' variety of White Sapote which remains of all my varieties the sweetest and best flavored--like a peckel pear almost without a trace of medicated taste. As I come on down through the orchard I peek under a shad I had made to shelter the *Rheedia madrona* which I collected in Colombia in 1941 and to my delight find that its leaves are growing and it may grow into a fruiting tree here. Then before me are some pink blushed Amini mangos, those small delicate mangos from Tata's collection and under the tree are a lot of the most delicious drops which are ripe to be sucked of their honey sweetness. Under the Collinson avocado tree I pass and skirt the Natal pineapple plantation--that delicate tiny fruited variety which appeals to those discriminating ones of my acquaintance.

Then the large fruit of *Annona diversifolia*, largest of my dozen or so fruits on several trees, catches my eye and I peer up at its beautiful form and plum-like colored skin and wonder if it is ripe yet and if it will have its pink flesh and watermelon flavor that it had last season. A few feet further on stands my best bearing *Annona cherimoya* & *Annona squamosa* tree. Just the other day it was tipped over by a gentle wind and bands guyed it up again and it seems none the worse for the accident. I examine the beautiful fruits and find not a single sign of the weavils which last year completely riddled the fruits. The drought has done for them perhaps--the pretty little wasps related to those which live in the stalks of wheat in Kansas you know.

As I stand there under the spreading *Annona* tree there comes to my mind a photograph of yours which we once published and which led me to cut back some trees of Ed. Simmond's hybrid and his back cross of it on the *squamosa*. Sad memories of the death of that tree crowd in on me and to banish them I revert to my recent success in hybridizing *Annona glabra* the Pond Apple with *Annona senegalensis* the African red fruited species of which we have tried in vain to import seeds from Egypt. Six fruits are the result of my cross pollination which I performed on a tree of the pond apple with a top composed of the *Annona diversifolia*, A, *senegalensis*, A. *squamosa*. The *diversifolia* has already a small pretty fruit hanging on its slender branch. I went down to see these fruits right after breakfast and found the *senegalensis* fruit turning yellow and here in my hat are the cellophane bags which I shall cover them with when I go up to lunch.

Then past a giant *Alocasia xanthorrhiza* from Mindanao and past the Jak fruit tree which got killed back in the big freeze but is coming back rapidly this year, I glance up into the big tree of the Gottfried avocado which Ed. Simmonds budded for me in the early days and there I can see the slight purple at the tips of some fruits which we must pick tomorrow and ripen in the packing house. As I pass under my Queensland nut tree I bemoan the fact that its pretty nuts,--smoother than any polisher could polish a coconut--are already falling and that what should have been a crop is only a hand full. But what beautiful things they are!

I brush against the *Antidesma bunius* tree and feel of the reddening berries borne in great hanging clusters all over the tree. Mrs. Letchworth has been to see the tree already and is worrying as to how she can get pickers to gather the twenty odd bushels that hang there waiting to be made into her "Antidesma Jolly", now widely known to the delicatessen people.

But there half hidden now by the great *Colvillea* tree stands Roxburgh's giant fruited *Ficus* covered with dry half ripe figs. Its leaves when they are young rival any other decorative objects which Marian uses in the house.

Joseph H. Rock the Explorer flew in direct from Li Kiang not so long ago and as we were discussing his 62 hour flight from the other side of the world we passed this Roxburgh's ficus tree. "Oh! he said "At Dehra Dun I have seen trees of that species with fruits surrounding the trunk up to four feet from the ground and the figs produced were delicious and four inches across." "And you never told me this Rock" I said. Thereupon ensued a battle which ended in his locking up his notes and advising me to get in touch with the Forester at Dehra Dun and secure the information and the wasps perhaps for the fertilization of this amazing "Himalayan fig tree. I refer you to the next number of the Proceedings of the Florida horticultural Society where I appealed for someone to go and get these things.

But under the shade of the Roxburgh ficus stands my newest pet, direct from the island of Celebes *Clorodendron minahassee* with white flowers six inches long followed with fruits the horns of which stand out three inches from a pretty purple fruit which the birds seem to fancy so that I have only one seedling from it but this seedling has in turn fruited in the slat house—and all of this since those days on the Junk in the Java Sea.

Beside and around this tree, under the branches of *Pongam pinnata* whose seedlings by the hundreds have become a weed in my "Jungle" I have just made places for eight of my new Plant Immigrant palms from the Philippines and the other Garden Islands of the Great East. And every morning I feel of their thick leathery glossy leaves and feel more confident that they are going to find a home here in Florida like *Adonidia* has and become parts of the patio and back yard horticulture of this American paradise. I look them all over and then walk up to Joe Fennell's pretty hybrid palm between *Chamaedorea* ~~*pacaya*~~ *pacaya* and *C. tepijilote* which for three months has been decorated with its brilliant red and dark greenblack fruit clusters. I tied the pollen laden flower cluster of a *Pacaya* on the cluster of Joe's hybrid and got one seed and it has grown and become a sturdy pot plant already.

No. I'll not go to the slat house this time. It's too exciting. To be-

fore I duck my head and enter the Packing House I stop for a moment to feel of those superb rigid squarish leaves of the *Ficus calicarpa* which we got in Sumatra long ago when that dear fellow Jim Dorsett was alive and climbed up the trees after anything that was wanted. I often grieve over the passing of so splendid a youth.

I am getting out of the environment which I love most now and entering as I pass into the packing house scenes which are too loaded with personalities to be quieting or peaceful. Not that there have been quarrels there for I don't believe in them but how is it possible to pack and ship by express hundreds of lugs some to go as far as Idaho and Seattle carrying a dozen kinds of mangos upon each fruit of which I had to print "Borsha" "Lamba Bhadra" "Harris" "Amni" "Ameeeri" "Saigon" "Paheri" Bennett Alphonse" "Totafari" and "Carabao" etc without being immersed in that other damnable environment of humans and their commercial activities and their various unreasoning tastes which constitute as Marian calls it the "Uncharted Sea of Taste."

But when I enter this study and see the typewriter waiting and the great big new mango waiting and smell the fragrance of *Afraegle gabonensis*, one of Swingle's citrus relatives which fills the study with perfume, and see on every hand books, books, books, papers and the other rubbish which the invention of paper pulp and printing and now this typewriter have injected into the lives of man and given him the idea that the beauties of the environment which surrounded his forefathers and distant ancestors is not good enough for him and led him to build sky scrapers on the shores of bays and on the mountain tops and everywhere and fill them with humans to whom there is nothing natural, nothing beautiful which hasn't the touch of a human hand the print of his ugly thumb somewhere.

Just the other day a young Officer called on me and instead of talking the half hour away with drivel of the weather and what it would be tomorrow and what it had been yesterday etc. etc. I said to him. "Would you do me the

favor of keeping a record of your environment for a single day; writing down the kinds of objects which your eye sees and your hands feel and your other senses come in contact with?" "I will do the same here in my garden and then we will compare them, for I have an idea that your environment is a meager, scanty one compared with mine--meager in variety of forms for example, meager in the variety of sensations which the objects are able to give to your sense of touch or taste or hearing or sight."

"Well" said he "You've got it all over me for there isn't anything alive in my office building except human beings. The other night I was bored over the fact that everything about me was uninteresting; floors, ceiling, doors, chairs, my desk etc. --all things made by machines or human hands. I went into the wash room feeling bored and wondering about my stupid surroundings; suddenly I saw a cockroach run up the wall. Thank God, I said to myself there is something alive here besides humans."

A week later I used this in an address in the Womens Club where 250 people had gathered at a Mango luncheon and it brought down the house. I closed with it of course.

So you see Mr. Popenoe I am building around me a world of fancy plants and trying to live up to the motto on the Frank N. Meyer medal "In the glorious luxuriance of the hundred plants he took delight", that old Chinese poem which Theodore Spicer Binson unearthed, bless his heart.

Now as to the coming proposed visit to Helen and you and your new school in Tegucigalpa about which Marian has written you.

It looks as though we were coming. She is pushing things along with her usual vigor and soon it will be up to me to say definitely whether I am going to decide to come or not. The memories of that stay in the Palace in Antigua, the recollection of Atitlan, the dream town on the slopes of the Volcan de Agua, the cornstalk town which with the arrival of the big trucks and other machines will vanish from the earth, the pretty chayotes and the delicate Pacayas and the ciruelas in the charming market in Antigua; all

call

alluringly and with an appeal that is hard to resist. But there are two things which give an object to the visit this summer to Central America. I refer to the Chaya (*Jatropha urens*; now given a new name I understand) and the old Coyo, your relative of the Avocado which we tried futilely to get started here and only succeeded in getting one tree growing and fruiting, viz. the one in George B. Cellon's yard. I cannot get this out of my mind and want to get some seeds of it again and try it once more. Cellons happened to be a poor seedling but "heck" as they say the variation in seedlings from the wild is immense. I have two Pitombas in my yard here one is sour and I cannot bear its flavor and the other is sweet and I could eat it if there were not many better things.

As for the functions connected with your College Commencement in October, of course I am in sympathy with them. Not because I like such goings on for I don't but because I have always rather liked to be present at the beginnings of new things. I like the "extensional" character of your program. I find so many fellows drifting into the back racks and imagining they are making discoveries there of great importance to the world.

Just this minute I turned from this letter to read a lecture to a most brilliant fellow of sixteen with a mind as brilliant perhaps as Merrills. Don't be a book worm and imagine that you are going to increase the sum of human knowledge without bringing to play upon the outside world your senses for they are the only real avenues to the brain, fundamental avenues I mean. Make your own discoveries by the use of your five senses.

"David" comes up from below "Luncheon" Marion is calling and I must stop. I will let her read this and cut it to pieces if she wants to.

In the meantime affectionate regards to the children to Helen and to your own dear self.

as always yours,

Copy

D.F

Tegucigalpa, 25 July 1944

Dearest Godmother:

We were thrilled last night to receive yrs of the 16th, with the good news of your resolution. You know how I love planning trips for folks! I'll plan yrs, which will provide me infinite satisfaction; then you can re-plan it nearer to yr heart's desire and come ahead. Selah.

Helen and I have talked it all over and we think this would be swell: When you get thru buying stuff in Guatemala City, move over to Antigua and take over the house. The UFCo agent in the City, Mr Molanphy, will send word ahead so that Maria will have everything in readiness for you. She will love to cook for you, and I am sure the chief can explain what you want to eat. Incidentally, Helen and I love going to the market on the big days and picking out a few choice vegetables for ourselves. You wont need to give Maria any money for grub; its on the house. And I dont think she will bother you with questions about this and that; you just have to tell her once in a while that you like green peas, or dont like boiled onions, and she does the rest.

I have forgotten just how much you saw of Guatemala last time, but you will undoubtedly want to make a tour of the highlands. Clark's cars still run; tho tires and gas are a bit scarce in Guatemalan and the rates have gone up somewhat. The little hotel at Lake Atitlan, Casa Contenta, is a fine place to stay; likewise the Mayan Inn and Chichicastenango, and the Recreo at Quezaltenango. You would find stops in all of them agreeable we are sure. If you would like to run down to Quirigua to see the ruins we can easily arrange it thru UFCo. And the trip to Coban will be easy. Betwixt and between some of these trips we would suggest you return to Antigua for a few days and let DF write up the labels.

Then when you are satiated, come on over here. If you come for the Inauguration on Oct 12, your presence will add lustre to that affair; but on the other hand, I will have my hands pretty full and will not be able to devote so much time to arguing with the chief about the merits of Casimiroa edulis. Anyway you want to work it will be allright; we would not want you to feel tied down in any way. While you are over here I really think DF and perhaps you too, should see Lancetilla; perhaps I can get away and take you down there. We could do it in 3 days easily; in 2 if necessary, as it is only an hour and a half by air from Tegucigalpa.

We doubt that it will be any hotter in Merida than at Miami. Antigua will be lovely, if it is not raining too much (and if it does rain hard it will only be for a few days) and our climate here is excellent. Maria's address is, for mail and telegrams, Maria Garcia, Casa Popenoe, Antigua, Guatemala. We'll see that she is properly lined up when the time draws near.

Yes, American Express checks are quite allright. And where you are known, as at Guatemala City and here, you can easily cash checks on your own bank. There arent many changes in this

respect, due to the war; except that they do not like to take American currency in Guatemala any more, and they tax you one or two percentum on the checks you cash. There is one point to keep in mind: there are more formalities re moving from country to country. You should check up a few days in advance, in each case. For example, when you think of coming from Guatemala to Honduras, you should see the folks in UFCo office in Guatemala City and ask them to fix you up. It will probably be necessary for them to radio over here, and get this govt to authorise your visas at Guatemala City. There's nothing to it except the slight delay. You may have to do the same thing before leaving Merida for Guate.

We hope you can arrange for Elva to meet you in Guatemala. That would be fine. You know there is plenty of room in our house for all of you and more. And Maria will be delighted.

I'll let Helen finish this sheet. Hooray, you are actually coming!

Stacks of love,

Wilson

Address: Merida. We are delighted to hear you are coming to the trip this way. I can't help you about Guatemala for I was there in 1933 when things had to be done to get ready, but I do know just how it is. It's absolutely moving & a just experience. About the Bulque house - I may be able to give a place over to you here to get you settled - when we are there all the little things are looked up & it looks a bit cold - I'd like to see the good blankets one for you, too - they are always in stock here! Now you are travel from here for the inauguration of the arch - if you could arrive on the 10th in the am from Guatemala it would be perfect for everyone who leaves the 12th as it is. Then we could have you here & see the trip to the coast by car in order to see more - you should make the reservation here from Guatemala now on Pan-Am, too. If you do this it would mean long over

30 July 1944

P

Dear Chief:

My conscience bothered me a bit after writing that last letter to the Hon. Godmother; Helen thought I had written as though I didnt want you here for the Grand Inauguration, wh ~~isnt~~ the case at all. We do want you here, in fact the more I think of it the more I realise that will have to be here. But I want to be free to spend a lot of time with you, especially to go down to Lancetilla, so the thing to do is lo siguiente: come a day or two before the Inaug, then immediately after, if I am still alive, we will knock off together and go down to the coast to recuperate among the durians at Lancetilla.

Yours of 16th inst. came a couple of days ago. Made me homesick, hearing about all those plants. But we have some plants here too, especially at Lancetilla, wh I havent seen for 2 yrs. Incidentally, I think we are going to build up a better and more permanent collection right here at the school. The soil is so heavy and the climate so wet at Lancetilla that I hear a good many things are turning up their toes in recent years.

When the time draws a little closer I will ask Mr Turnbull to arrange so that our folks in Guatemala City will take good care of you; and will send the necessary warnings to Maria and others. Tho you could walk right into the old house tonight and Maria would have supper ready for you in 35 mins by the clock - only she cant tell time. Now I must rush off to the regular Sunday morning inspection of dormitories and students, so much love and hasta luego.

Wilson

Tegucigalpa, 6 August 1944

Dear Chief:

The mails seem to be moving more slowly than usual, these past few weeks, so Helen and I have decided we had best line you folks up well in advance of your arrival at Guatemala City. Enclosed pls find copy of a note I have written our jefes at La Lima. I am sure they will request the Guatemala Division to look out for you, so I suggest you drop in at UFCo office on the morning after your arrival in Guatemala City, and make yourselves known to Mr Molanphy, the Co. agent there. If you will tell him when you expect to reach Antigua he will send Maria a telegram so she will be ready for you; and we are sending her now full instructions, e.g., not to let you get your feet wet, and to see you have plenty of covers at night, and not to put salt on your papaya because you prefer lime juice. You can alter, emend and amplify these instructions on arrival. You might also, on your first visit to Mr Molanphy, ask him to send me a radiogram advising that you are there, so we can be thinking about you and wishing we were going to Santa Maria de Jesus with you.

Much love to all of you from us,

Wilson

Papenoe, Wilson 96
To W.L. Taillon

Copy

Tegucigalpa, 6 August 1944

Mr. W L Taillon,
La Lima.

Dear Bill:

You will recall that I spoke to you the other day regarding the forthcoming visit of my old chief from the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Dr. David Fairchild. Accompanied by Mrs Fairchild, he will reach Guatemala City somewhere around Sept. 10th, and after spending a few days there, will go over to Antigua, where they will make their headquarters at our house for several weeks, while touring the back country. We expect them over here in time for the Inauguration on October 12th.

You kindly offered to advise Mr Heyl, so that he could give them any help they might need while in the country. They spent several weeks with us in Guatemala some three years ago, so they know their way about; but it would be nice if Mr Molanphy could show them a little attention. I am writing Dr Fairchild to get in touch with our office in Guatemala City on his arrival, and will appreciate it if you will send Mr Heyl whatever instructions you think appropriate.

Sincerely yours,

WLB

ackd
Aug 21. Fair
arrived 12th Sept

To H.T. Heyl

giving part sent
to give act
Molanphy

La Lima, Honduras
10 August 1944

Mr. H. T. Heyl
United Fruit Company
Bananera, Guatemala

Dear Mr. Heyl:

Dr. David Fairchild and Mrs. Fairchild will arrive in Guatemala city approximately September 10. Mr. Fairchild is very prominently connected with the United States Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Fairchild will call at Mr. Molanphy's office on his arrival in Guatemala city. He expects to go to Antigua, where he will be a guest of Dr. Popenoe.

I should like Mr. Molanphy, who receives copy of this letter, to facilitate Dr. and Mrs. Fairchild in every way. He should be furnished a car to take him to Antigua, for company account.

Dr. Fairchild will probably come to Honduras for the inauguration of the Escuela Agrícola Panamericana on October 12. Mr. Molanphy should arrange to assist them to come to Guatemala from Antigua and also assist in connection with reservations, etc. Dr. Fairchild and his wife are quite old people and should be given every consideration while they are in Guatemala.

We will attempt to advise Mr. Molanphy when the couple will arrive in Guatemala so that he can arrange to have someone meet them, provided we can give him sufficient advance notice on date they will leave the United States.

Yours very truly

W L Taillon
W. L. Taillon

cc Dr. Wilson Popenoe
Mr. M. V. Molanphy

If you will let me know date on which they will arrive Guatemala, I will wire Molanphy's office to have someone meet them to help them thru customs, etc.

La Lima, Honduras
10 August 1944

Letters regarding
the trip to
Guatemala

Mr. H. T. Heyl
United Fruit Company
Panama, Panama

Dear Mr. Heyl:

Dr. David Fairchild and Mrs. Fairchild will arrive in Guatemala city approximately September 10. Mr. Fairchild is very prominently connected with the United States Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Fairchild will call at Mr. Molanphy's office on his arrival in Guatemala city. He expects to go to Antigua, where he will be a guest of Dr. Popenoe.

I should like Mr. Molanphy, who receives copy of this letter, to facilitate Dr. and Mrs. Fairchild in every way. He should be furnished a car to take him to Antigua, for company account.

Dr. Fairchild will probably come to Honduras for the inauguration of the Escuela Agrícola Panamericana on October 12. Mr. Molanphy should arrange to assist him to come to Guatemala from Antigua and also assist in connection with reservations, etc. Dr. Fairchild and his wife are due in Guatemala and should be given every consideration while they are in Guatemala.

We will attempt to advise Mr. Molanphy when the couple will arrive in Guatemala so that he can arrange to have someone meet them, provided we can give him sufficient advance notice on date they will leave the United States.

Yours very truly

W. L. Tallon

cc Dr. Wilson Popenoe
Mr. M. V. Molanphy
If you will let me know date on which they will arrive Guatemala, I will wire Molanphy's office to have someone meet them to help them thru customs, etc.

R.

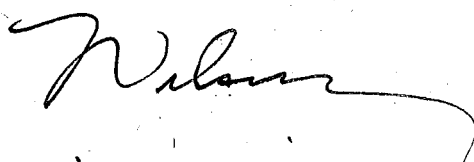
Tegucigalpa, 15 Aug 1944

Dear Chief,

Just a hasty note to tell you we think we have everything lined up for you at this end. See enclosed. If we have advice definitely as to when you will reach Guatemala City we will see that the Co has someone there to meet you, as suggested by Mr Taillon. We have written Maria to take care of you, and we know she will do her best.

Tom Barbhur writes that he might come down for the inauguration. I hope so. With you two here we will get some good speeches made and have them printed for later distribution, so be thinking it over and have something ready. Be sure to make reservations in Guatemala, in ample time to get here about the 10th of Oct. Incidentally, we are not going to make such a big thing of the inauguration as we had planned, due to the fact that we find it is going to be too difficult to get transportation for everybody, but it will be more enjoyable if we don't have too big a crowd and we will see that the affair is well publicised afterwards. We are just getting our new prospectus to the printer, which will be ready for the affair. You know what are objects are, and what the needs are, and a speech by you which we can print afterwards will come in just right. It can be in English. The boys are tuning up the Marimba to take care of that part.

Helen joins in much love and we are thrilled at the prospect of seeing you.



Tegucigalpa, 17 Aug 1944

Dear Chief:

Your of the 11th, just in. We note you are flying to Merida on the 5th Sept. So far, so good. Do you yet have a reservation Merida to Guatemala City? If so, and you will give me the date we will advise Guatemala City as suggested in my last. If you don't have a date, then I suggest when you get one at Merida (if you leave it till then) you send a radiogram to Matthew Molanphy, United Fruit Co., Guatemala City, a day or two in advance of your arrival, so he can have someone meet you at the airport.

Now as to films: There are pretty fair stocks both in Guatemala City and Tegucigalpa. I believe you can get 120 in either place. We are going into town next Monday and if we find 120 there I am going to buy a dozen rolls and hold them here for you. Sometimes stocks are temporarily exhausted, you know. I will drop you a note after I check up.

Now as to médicos: In Guatemala City the Fruit Co. uses Dr Guillermo Sanchez. While he is a Guatemalan, he was trained in the States and if the Co did not think him pretty damned good he would not be the Co doctor. We have used him for many years in our own family. He took care of Hugh and Marion and Sally when they were babies. Personally I have sufficient confidence in him to go to him myself. You could easily get in touch with him thru Molanphy's office; he lives about two blocks from the Palace Hotel.

Then there is the Co hospital at Quirigua, where we have good old Dr Macphail, a Scotsman who has been there for 30 years and is famous throughout Central America. He is excellent. If you felt a bit rocky and thought you ought to loaf for a few days under the eyes of a good médico, I would advise you to hop on the train and run down to Quirigua. Many folks in Guatemala City do this about once a year, to get down to a low elevation and a relaxing climate. The hospital at Quirigua is a swell place as I can testify from having spent many sessions there myself.

Now about the coyó: You will have to get it in the region of Cobán, for it does not grow in ~~another~~ other accessible part of Guatemala - at least not in good seedling forms. Mrs Hempstead can doubtless steer you onto some good trees. The best one I saw, in 1916-17, was at Tactic, but the man who knew the tree is now dead and the tree most likely is too. It was in the valley, about half a mile or so from the village, close to the road followed from Tactic to Cobán. You could have Mrs H send a boy down to make some inquiries as to especially good coyo trees in the Tactic region, if you don't find what you want at Cobán itself. I would also suggest you visit San Cristobal Verapaz, some 15 mi. from Cobán, reached now by auto. I got some of the best avocados there and it is a very interesting Indian town anyway.

Come ahead; we are waiting for you. And bring that speech, to be published after the Inauguration. Maybe you will want to put on the finishing touches here after you have seen the school.

Much love from all of us

Wilson

"The Kampong"
Coconut Grove Florida.

August 18 1944

Dear Wilson;

Marian and I have had our passports vised and are getting together our medicine kit which we always travel with and I am trying to find out how I can get some Kodak films over to use there. Melville Grosvenor has sent me some here but they say I am not allowed to take them out of this country although I may get them in Guatemala or Honduras "perhaps". Now I have tried the perhaps game long enough and I do not like it and feel that one bird in my hand is worth a million in the back alleys of foreign cities where the Photographers who have everything "hold out". I wrote you first to make sure I could get this Number 130 for Rolliflex Camera there. Now I will write to Mr. Wolanphy and see if he can inform me positively that I can get them.

~~~~~

But lets talk plants. The Ilama produced a magnificent fruit which weighed 990 grams and was a beautiful shell pink inside and perfectly delicious. This is really the first perfect fruit which I have been able to produce and I am quite wild about it and must write you about the thing. My tree came from seed which your old friend Ralph D. Cornell of Clairmont sent you in 1914. It is 39567 in the Inventory and the only remark in that he made was that it was called *Ammona blanca* by the natives; and that it was from San Salvador.

Do you suppose that I could get into the region where this fruit grows while down there with you? I am curious about its possibilities for I have it growing finely on *Ammona reticulata* and fruiting (one small fruit) on the Pond Apple (*Ammona glabra*) and growing finely on *Hollinia emarginata* from Paraguay; that hardy species which survived the great freeze of 1917.

The chalcid fly, *Sephrata cubensis* has completely ruined about 50 fine fruits of *Ammona* regardless of the fact that I bagged them (too late I presume) and am now using Ddt and Black Leaf 10 both new drugs to protect them. I believe the time has come when these *ammonas* should be really studied horticulturally speaking,--hybridized and thoroughly mixed up.

I got *Ammona senegalensis* to cross with *A. glabra*. I grafted the *A. senegalensis* on the tree of *A. glabra* in our front yard on the marl prairie and then when the grafts flowered pollinated the flowers with pollen from the pond apple used as the stock. Every one of six flowers "took" and made a small fruit with what look to be perfect seeds. I will know if they are perfect when those I sowed come up. Next year I can cross the *A. diversifolia* with pond apple pollen perhaps. I have on the program pollinating *Ammona montana* with *A. muricata* to see what I shall get. *A. montana* is a pretty poor fruit as I see it here on my place.

If only you could bring forth there a genius of a plant breeder who would mix up the ammonas even go so far perhaps as to get *Asimina triloba* into the mixture the fame of the *Eucalia agricola* Panamerican would be made and everyone in the tropics would soon want the hybrids of your plant breeder just as they did the hybrid sugar canes made in Sumatra and the P.J.O. varieties of East Java.

Are you yet in shape to plant any of the seed of this *A. diversifolia* and do you want any of the hybrid *senegalensis-glabra* seeds. I still have a few and might get them to you if you will send me a hurry-up air mail note.

It is getting late and the afternoon sun shines in on me through the back door of my study and I must quit. I have come to the conclusion that this era will come to be known as the "Frantic Era" when the men were all frantic and the women still frantic. I may drop down,---sitting somewhere near one of those cornstalk towers which so impressed me when I was with you and Marian that afternoon on the slopes of the Volcanso de Agua.

We are reading Stephens account of his travels in Yucatan, Guatemala and Honduras a hundred years ago and the glorious simplicity of things then seem wonderfully golden and be useful---barring the nasty fights and discomforts and politics of those times.

We fly to Florida the 6th, from there to Guatemala City the 12th and on the 10th of October fly down to see you and your school and the children and that dear person Helen. Now if it should be inconvenient to have us then don't hesitate to say so and we will wait for you in Casa Oponoe.

ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA, INC.

Pope, Wilson

102

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS,  
CENTRO AMERICA.

22 August 1944

Dear Chief,

Just a note to tell you that I yesterday purchased in Tegucigalpa and will hold for you, 12 rolls of 120 film, Verichrome. There seems to be a good stock of it here at present, but as I intimated in my last, some times the stock runs out and it usually happens just when you dont want it to.

Also, we rec'd your itinerary, from Merida on, and will be guided accordingly. Helen is writing Maria a few suggestions in re taking care of you folks. You know her well and you wont hesitate to tell her what you want. And by the way, the only good car available for hire in Antigua is one which belongs to Juanito; and if you forget his name, just tell Maria you want the car we always get. I dont know that Juanito will have enough gas to take you on trips around the country, but he is the best man to call when you want a car to run over to Guatemala City. For trips around the country you may have to call on Clark's Tours, who are in the business and still have tires and gas.

We are getting excited about your arrival. You havent given much time to Honduras in your itinerary, and maybe you will want to extend it when you get here; in any case I insist on your seeing Lancetilla and all your babies there and I think quite probably I shall be able to go down there with you.

Much love from all

Wilson



Papenberg, Wilson 103  
ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA, INC.

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS,  
CENTRO AMERICA.

27 Aug 1944

Dear Chief,

Yours of the 18th has just come; pretty long on the road. I'm not sure this will get to you before you leave for Mérida, but no harm done if it doesn't.

You ask about the Ilama. The easiest place to see it in abundance is at Tapachula, which is on the airplane route between Mexico and Guatemala; just at the border on the Mexican side. I know of no spot where it is cultivated so abundantly. You won't see it at Guatemala City, I am afraid; but in season, women bring fruits out to the train at one of two of the stations on the way down to Puerto Barrios, mainly Sanarate and El Rancho. I suspect the tree is wild in that region. When Helen and I came over from Guatemala to Salvador by train last April I saw a beautiful tree right by the custom house at the Guatemalan side of the frontier, where the train stops for half an hour. It was full of fruits, but they weren't nearly ripe yet. I think the season will be over, however, by now. I have not seen the tree here in the interior of Honduras; maybe it is found in some of the towns down toward the Pacific side.

By the way, we visited the farm of President Carias about two weeks ago; he has been collecting fruit trees for 20 yrs and has a lot of interesting stuff. Maybe you and I will go out there; it is about 2 hrs from Tegucigalpa by auto. The main reason I speak of it is that right in front of his house there is a little tree which looks like a dwarf cherimoya; the leaves are like those of the cherimoya and the fruits ditto, but they were small when I saw them. They ought to be more nearly ripe when you get here. I have had in mind to watch the tree whenever I go by there on the way to Comayagua and see if I cannot get some seeds. I don't know what it is; maybe simply an aberrant form of cherimoya, maybe a new species.

If you have any interesting annona seeds, including the hybrids, bring them down with you and we will plant them here. We want to build up a good collection of this genus; for some day one of our men will have time and interest sufficient to do a lot of work on them. It is a fascinating genus, to me. We don't even have diversifolia here as yet.

Come ahead as per schedule. I have advised our folks, but if you want to be sure of having someone meet you at Guatemala City it wouldn't do any harm to send Molanphy a radio from Merida as suggested in my last.

Ever devotedly,

## ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA, INC.

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS,  
CENTRO AMERICA.

27 Sept 1944

Dear Chief:

Your long letter from the pigeon loft came last night after we were in bed, but we turned on the light and read it. The letter did me a lot of good, because it made me feel that you folks are really happy there in Antigua. We would feel pretty badly if you found it so uncomfortable that you werent. We have been sorry that you had to find the house so bare; but when we moved over here to start the school we realised that we would not get back to Antigua very often, and Helen packed up and stored a lot of things that went to make the house more livable. But we couldnt pack up and hide the peace of that place. I have been thinking lately that this school is getting to be just like the Kampong - or any other place the Fairchilds live; that is, people just cant stay away, and we rarely get an hour to sit down quietly and enjoy things. When we do get an hour, I usually seize it to get to bed earlier.

Maybe this wont reach you before you leave Antigua. The time is drawing near when you will be heading this way. Take a good look at the garden before you leave there so you can tell me all about it. Ask Molanphy to send us a radio confirming your departure for Teguci - tho if he does not send it in time we will be waiting for you anyway - or at least Helen will. We are planning a short trip or two for you around here, to see something of the country; and I particularly think you must see Lancetilla where there are so many of your plants. It is 6.30 a m and I must get busy.

Hastily but devotedly



ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA, INC.

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS,  
CENTRO AMERICA.

25 Nov 1944

Dear Chief:

Dunno whether this will catch you folks or not. If you carry out your threat to fly north on the 30th inst it probably wont; but we have been doing a lot of praying to the end that you will postpone your departure - and what is it? The prayer of a righteous man availeth much?

I got back from Costa Rica a week later than I had hoped; got mixed up in agri politics down there and it took some time to finish. It is good to be back on the Zamorano job. I have been hoping they wont send me North until after New Years and it now seems fairly certain that this will be the case. As for coming over to Guatemala, I dont feel at all sure we will do it, at Xmas time. Maybe a month or two later. I sorter think I ought to be here to help the boys celebrate and maybe play father Noel for them; since we arent going to allow them to go home for the holidays.

Best  
C. Wilson  
Dr Macphail of Quirigua wants half a dozen copies of my paper on the mangosteen in America which was published in J of H many yrs ago; also as many copies as possible of the paper on Quirigua from Uifruitco magazine written by Dorothy and myself. Both should be on the shelf in my little study, behind the reading table, where all my separates are kept. If this gets to you in time, please take the 6 copies of the mangosteen paper and all but half a dozen of the one on Quirigua and leave them at the office in Guatemala City when you have a chance, to be sent down to Dr Macphail at Quirigua.

We havent had news of you in some time; Spect you are having too good a time running around with Sandy to do much writing. Again we say, cancel that reservation and stay at Antigua for Xmas. You will find it quite an affair, and Maria will enjoy having you.

Much love from us all

Wilson

Replied  
Nov 27 44  
C. Wilson

Get Mangosteen  
& Quirigua article

The Kampong  
Coconut Grove Florida.

To Montgomery, R.H. 150

Aug. 17th 1944.

Dear Colonel;

Considering the times and the dates I should say that you should long ago have heard from me about the progress of things here. Somehow I have found the mornings too short to even approach covering the things to be done and the afternoons have been too hot here in my study to allow my brain to do such a thing as write an interesting letter. Of course we can complain of no such grilling temperatures as you have had there,—just 80 to 90 and with nights around 80 and mornings often to 74. The first part of the summer was so dry that I simply could not set out my palms for fear of losing them. I have a set of those we got in 1940 in the U.E. Indies and I determined if possible to save these,—establish them on the Kampong where if they grow and those at the F.T. Garden pass out I could transfer them to places there later.

This has been something of a job for me, short handed as I am. I find that dense shade is essential for them in their youth. I had to make special umbrella-like structures which I put over each one of the palms when I set it out in the open ground. I would have lost most of my specimens had I not done this. As it is I still lose some of them I fear. Those requiring forest conditions will have to be given protection from the sun and drying out. I wish we had more moist land on the F.T.G. to set them in.

The Mango season with us was an exciting one because of the fact that we had so many sorts and they were especially free from anthracnose. Marian and I had our hands full getting these into the hands of our friends who have become mango fans.

You have heard of the twister which visited the garden I know. Let me assure you that you would have hard work to find traces of it now for the vine masts, now tripods, have been replaced and the vines now cover them and are getting ready for their autumn and winter flowering.

I have not been much in the garden this summer and Mathews may tell you that I have neglected him. This is true in part but dear Colonel I have not been entire-

oblivious to its wants. I have been getting in some Amazonian palm seeds and some seeds of the remarkable tree from the hot valleys of Sikkim which makes a marvellous growth on the low prairie land at Chapman field, *Terminalia myriocarpa* is its name. If it performs as well with us on the F.T.C. it may be a most useful tree. Seed received in 1940 and planted 1942 has made a tree a foot through at the base and 30 feet tall already. It has leaves as long and beautiful as those of the American Chestnut. The great botanist Hooker wrote of it in his Himalayan Journal admiringly, saying trees grew in the hot valleys below Darjeeling to a height of two hundred feet. Believe it or not.

Yesterday when I made a visit to the garden in the early morning I found the masons building the piers at the corners of the pathway leading to the stage where the women gardeners are to gather someday and listen to each other talk. I was pleased at the looks of things. The row of Royal palms that backs the stage will grow and thrive I think. The lake effects seen from far out towards the bay are most interesting, for they have as their predominating note tall palms and groups of pandans and an occasional pine. I think few realize how seldom it is in any landscape except ours here that palms and pines are mixed together as beautifully as ours are. It is the land of the palm and the pine par excellence.

The pergola is in its summer dress with few blooms except the *Thunbergia grandifloras* and the marvellous *Aristolochia brasiliensis* which amazes everyone. Poor Lady Doorky vine seems to be a slow grower and nobody yet appears to be able to propagate them. Jordan succeeded in growing the new lavender flowered vine that Nancy and I collected in Colombia and I shall await its flowering with much expectation. It was a beautiful form of *Bignoniaceae*. From Harrison Smith I received seeds of the *P. albertis* creeper and have two fine plants. Jordan has two also I think. We must protect this vine until it shows us what a gorgeous thing it is.

Your baobab tree is flourishing and if it keeps on as it is now growing you can give a tea party to all your friends in its shade in a few years.

I have seen something of Philipps and have suggested that we ought to get started some of the Javanese bamboos which are now 60 ft. high at Chapman Field and perfectly splendid architecturally. I think the chief timber bamboo of the Javanese would grow on some of the filled in land there not far from the stage. *Sigantochloa asper* has made a wonderful growth on the filled in land at Chapman Field. It came from a clump brought in in a Kardinian case from Java in 1926.

A Hat manufacturer in St. Louis has written for information about which pandans to plant extensively for the raising of material for hat making. I suggested he take a look at our collection. Loomis discovered in one of my library books right under my nose a description of the enormous fruited pandan of the Andaman Islands just north of Sabang N. Sumatra. It has fruits the size of a keg and the natives consider it as good a food as the Dago palm stems. If you have any friend who is on that expedition edging down the East coast of Sumatra after the Japanese let him know about this and get him to fly in a single fruit for us to get the seeds out of. I had a note about it and had the Cruise of the *Chong Ho* continued longer we were going up there after it but until Loomis found this description in my book here I had no idea it was so important as a food plant. It might grow here well for I notice that there is fruiting on the low land at Chapman Field a perfectly superb specimen of *Bentinckia* from the Nicobar Islands just south of the Andamans. It is <sup>a</sup> splendid slender palm fifty feet tall and appears perfectly suited to the marl soil there. I advised the growing of a lot of the seeds of this splendid palm and their distribution. They would make a superb avenue.

We are much pleased with the way Miss Colburn~~is~~ handling the Office. She appears to be very happy there and to like the work immensely. I think she and Mathews get on well together. Mathews has been here twice with his colored slides. He has some very pretty ones.

Of Jordahn I have seen too little this summer but he appears to be getting along as best he can with the uncertain help he has. The new development down on the lowlands seems to make the place immeasurably larger to the eye.

I have been handicapped of course in the care of the new plants here on the Kampong. The place has grown up to weeds and certain of the vines have become rampant and threaten my peace of mind. If I do not want to hear the cursings of that damned Cold Coast Jasmín I had better die soon for it looms up as a bad thing even though Jordahn says it is easy to get out.

Just now I am having one of those thrills that come to those who know how to wait for my tree of Popenoe's *ILAMA* (*Annona diversifolia*) has laid an enormous egg,---born a fruit in other words. It is lavender in color and a shell pink on the inside and delicious in flavor and weighed 990 grams. You know my passion for the Annonaceae Bob. Well, this is the finest thing I have had fruit on the place. I am going to see the place in Central America where it is cultivated. I believe it will become a fancy table fruit for air transportation after the war.

Wilson Popenoe has been urging Marian and me to come down to the Commencement Exercises of his new school "Escuela Agrícola ~~de~~ Panamericana" in October and has offered his house in Antigua and all sorts of other inducements and since both of us are pretty well run down and need a bit of cool weather to counteract our three years of constant work here we have accepted. We shall fly to Merida, Yucatan and thence to Guatemala City and Antigua and on Oct 10th fly to Tegucigalpa to be at the ceremonies which mean so much to Popenoe. We fly on Sept 5th *and return on Oct 20th unless we change our plans. Pan Air* via Pan Air. Tom Burbour has been asked to make an address at the school in Spanish and if his doctor permits will also go down there.

I really hate to leave this place Bob but Marian must have a change and I never consider sending her off alone you know.

The sun has set and the shadows are lengthening through my back door here and I must close this too long letter.

You heard of the passing of dear Mrs. Sarah Jones I presume. She was 92 and simply faded into the twilight as a white flower fades and drops from its slender stem. She has left a number of very fine plants in the dooryards of the people here, things which will live on many years and cheer people.

Splinter has sold his place and his health is such that he thinks of moving to California soon. Poor fellow he seemed lost when his job was over with the James'. How is your Carpenter now? I trust his cancer turned out to be something less terrible.

Should you want to write us during our absence a line to the care of Mr. Molanphy, United Fruit Company Guatemala City Guatemala will be the best address.

Oh yes, I forgot to say that there has been a hitch in the negotiations with George Backeland regarding the transparent plastic for the labels. None have come through yet. Perhaps they are not sure that they will stand the weathering effect of the sunlight here. George Backeland assures me that his colleague is working on the matter still so I trust it will be all right.

I have discovered a boy of 16 here who has come from Maine and seems to be a perfect genius at names and a most likeable and enthusiastic fellow who is determined to be a botanist. He is living with his mother in one of Dr. Clifford's little houses near the original cajuput trees.

With my most affectionate regards to you and to Nell from both Marian and me, I am as always yours,